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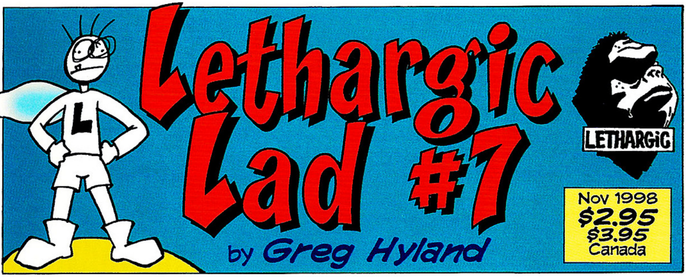
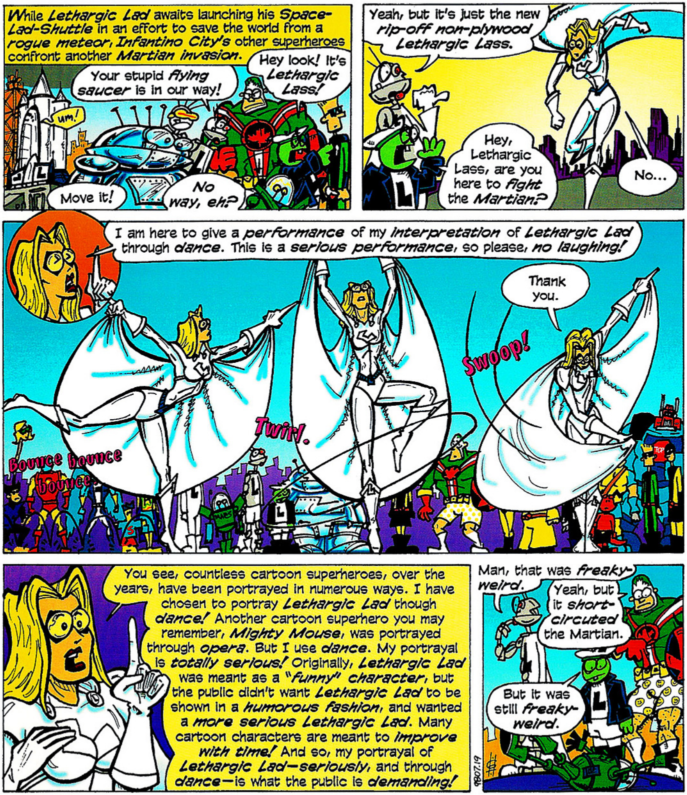
NEW JERSEY


Lethargic Lad #7
by Greg Hyland
LETHARGIC
Nov 1998
$2.95
$3.95
Canada


While *Lethargic Lad* awaits launching his *Space-Lad-Shuttle* in an effort to save the world from a *rogue meteor*, *Infantino City's* other superheroes confront another *Martian invasion*.
Your stupid *flying saucer* is in our way!
um!
Hey look! It's *Lethargic Lass!*
Move it!
No way, eh?
Yeah, but it's just the new *rip-off non-plywood Lethargic Lass.*
Hey, Lethargic Lass, are you here to *fight* the *Martian?*
No...
I am here to give a *performance* of my *interpretation* of *Lethargic Lad* through *dance*. This is a *serious performance*, so please, *no laughing!*
Thank you.
Swoop!
Twirl.
Bounce bounce bounce
You see, countless cartoon superheroes, over the years, have been portrayed in numerous ways. I have chosen to portray *Lethargic Lad* though *dance!* Another cartoon superhero you may remember, *Mighty Mouse*, was portrayed through *opera*. But I use *dance*. My portrayal is *totally serious!* Originally, *Lethargic Lad* was meant as a *"funny" character*, but the public didn't want *Lethargic Lad* to be shown in a *humorous fashion*, and wanted a *more serious Lethargic Lad*. Many cartoon characters are meant to *improve with time!* And so, my portrayal of *Lethargic Lad—seriously*, and through *dance*—is what the public is *demanding!*
9807.19
Man, that was *freaky-weird*.
Yeah, but it *short-circuted* the Martian.
But it was still *freaky-weird*.

UMM... by G.H.

It seems that some people are getting confused as to what order all them kooky ***Lethargic Lad*** comics come in, so for the first time ever, we present:

THE MIGHTY LETHARGIC LAD TIME-LINE!

LETHARGIC COMICS, WEAKLY #1-12

Start here! The original full-sized Lethargic series. This series lasted twelve issues from June 1991 to June 1993.

LETHARGIC COMICS #1-14

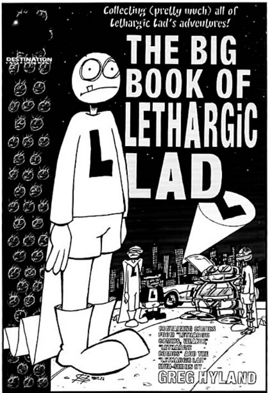
Picks up where ***LETHARGIC COMICS, WEAKLY #12*** ends. This series lasted 15 issues (we did a #π) between January 1994 and June 1996.

LETHARGIC LAD #1-3

Picks up where ***LETHARGIC COMICS#14*** ends. This all-Lethargic-Lad mini-series was published between June 1996 and August 1996.

LETHARGIC LAD ADVENTURES #1-2, LETHARGIC LAD #3-7

Issue #1 picks up where the ***LETHARGIC LAD*** mini-series ends. The new series was retitled "***LETHARGIC LAD***" with issue #3. LLA#1 came out October 1997, & you're holding #7!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GREG HYLAND

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Greg Hyland
Creator, Writer & Artist

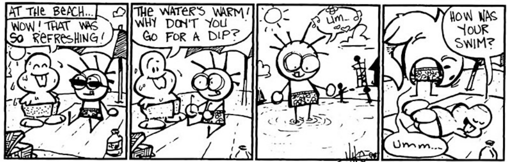
Steve Remen
Writer & Artist
(page 19-23)

Mike White
Writer & Artist
("Li'l Lethargic Lad")

Nadine Wettlaufer
Prooofreader

Leni Gronros
Godfather

Li'l Lethargic Lad by Mike White


AT THE BEACH...
WOW! THAT WAS SO REFRESHING!
THE WATER'S WARM! WHY DON'T YOU GO FOR A DIP?
UM...
HOW WAS YOUR SWIM?
Umm...
Mike '98

Hey! Mike's Cyber-Sleep: http://www.finearts.yorku.ca/7stories/sleepyhead/

frog crisis

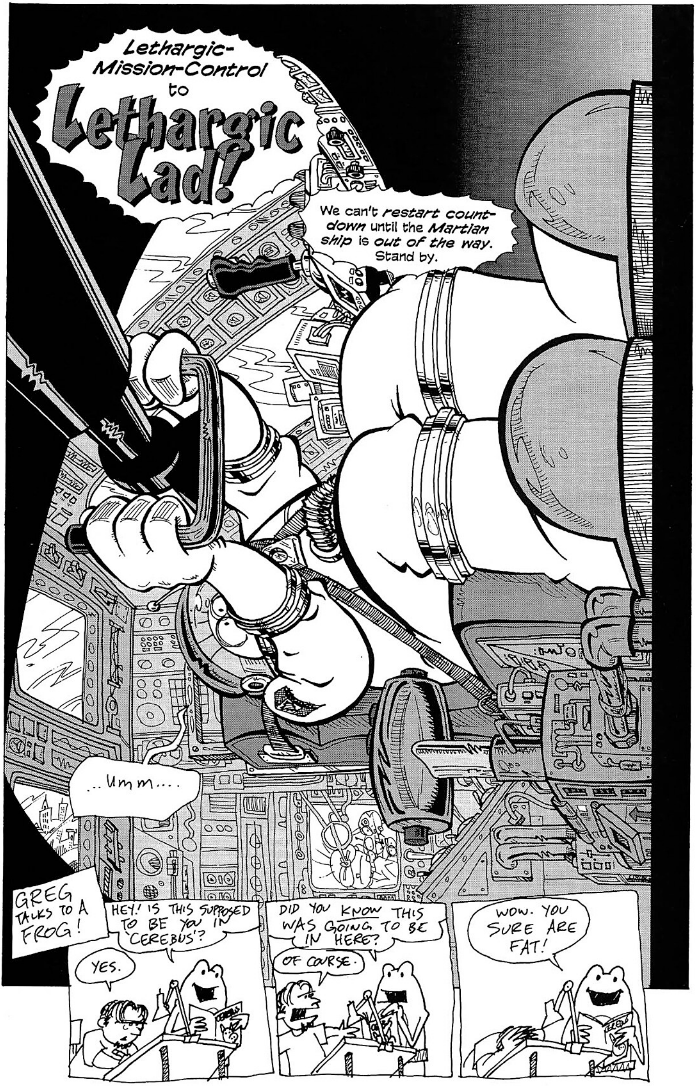
Greg Hyland's fun new shockwave webpage featuring the original animated story, ***frog crisis***, with new chapters added monthly. Also see ***Hello Satan, The Lethargigotchi*** and the cult classic ***Champions Vs. Defenders!*** Check it all out at:

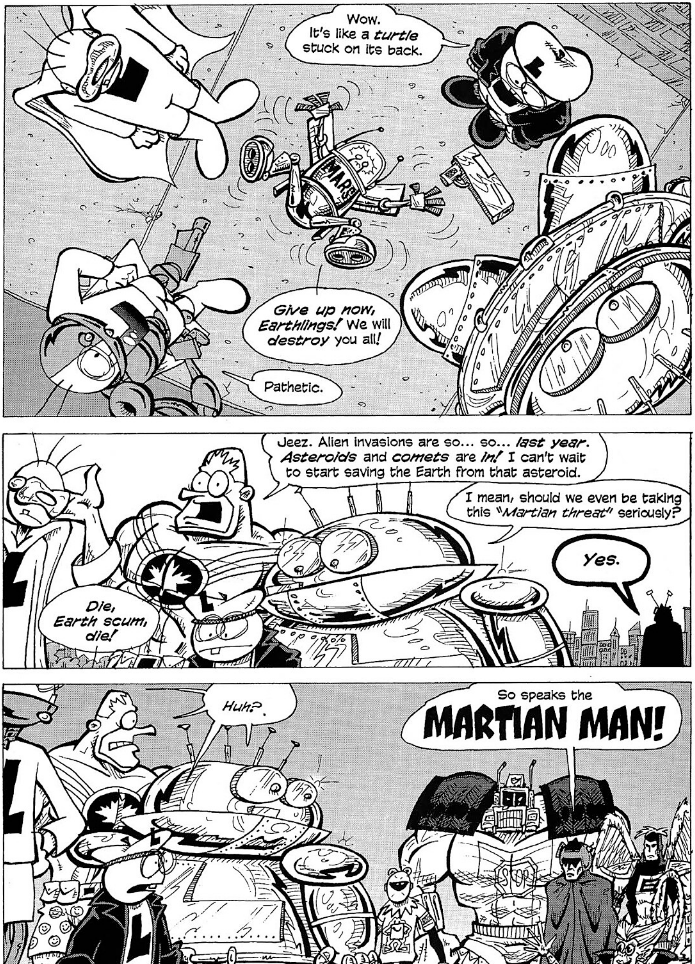
http://nebula.on.ca/frogcrisis

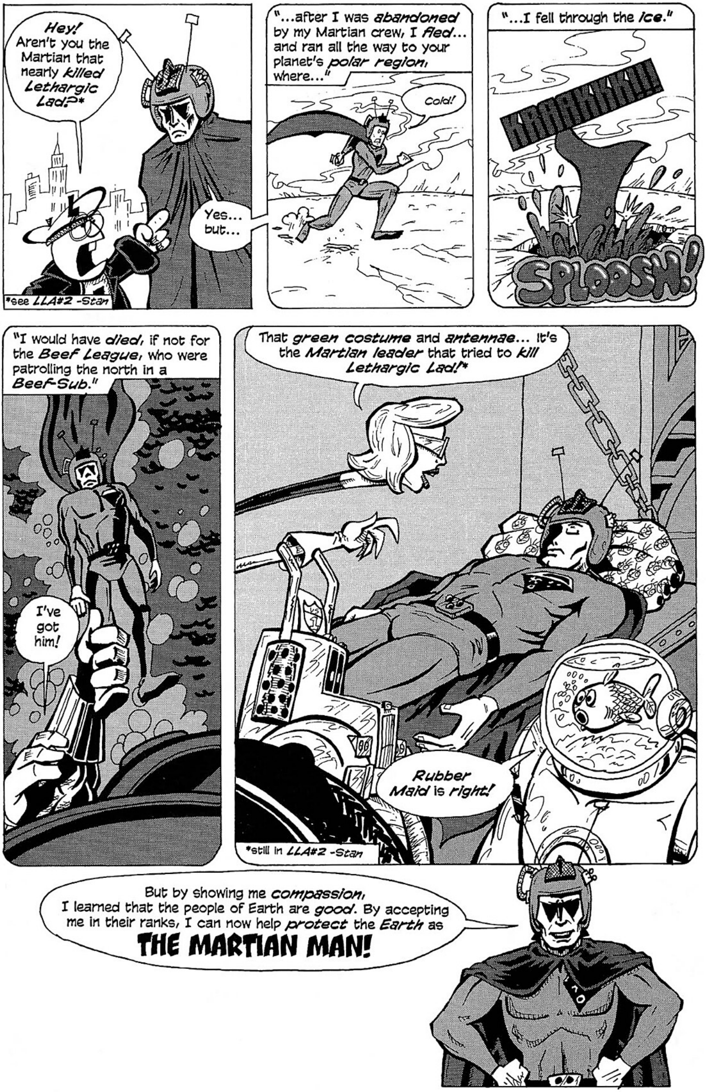
The Mighty Lethargic Web Page:

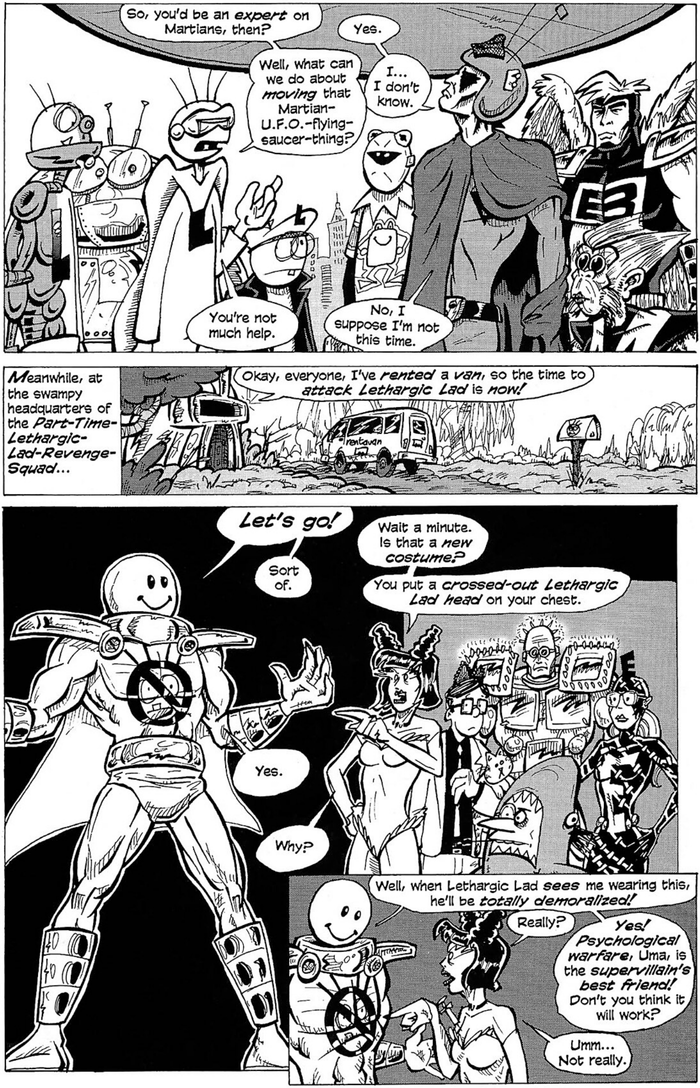
http://nebula.on.ca/lethargic

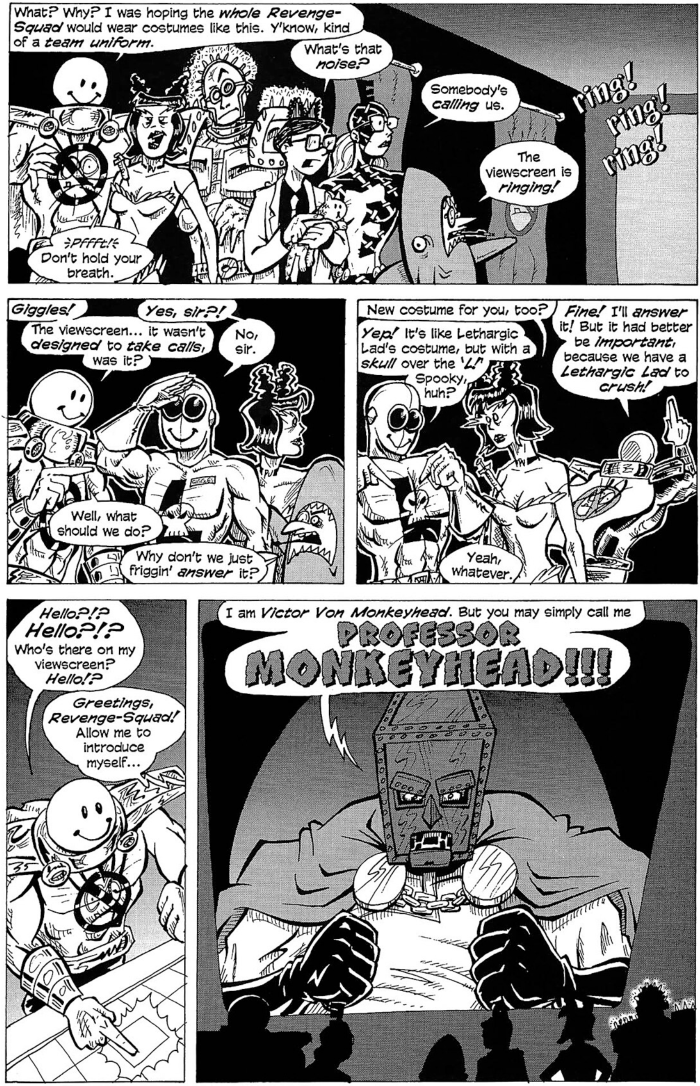
LETHARGIC LAD #7, November 1998. Published bi-monthly. First printing. Published by Lethargic Comics International. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 5-596 St. Clair Ave. W., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6C 1A6. "Lethargic Lad" and other prominent characters are TM & Copyright 1998 GREG HYLAND. "Him" is TM & Copyright STEVE REMEN. All rights reserved. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the consent of Greg Hyland. Printed by Morgan Publishing of Grafton, North Dakota.

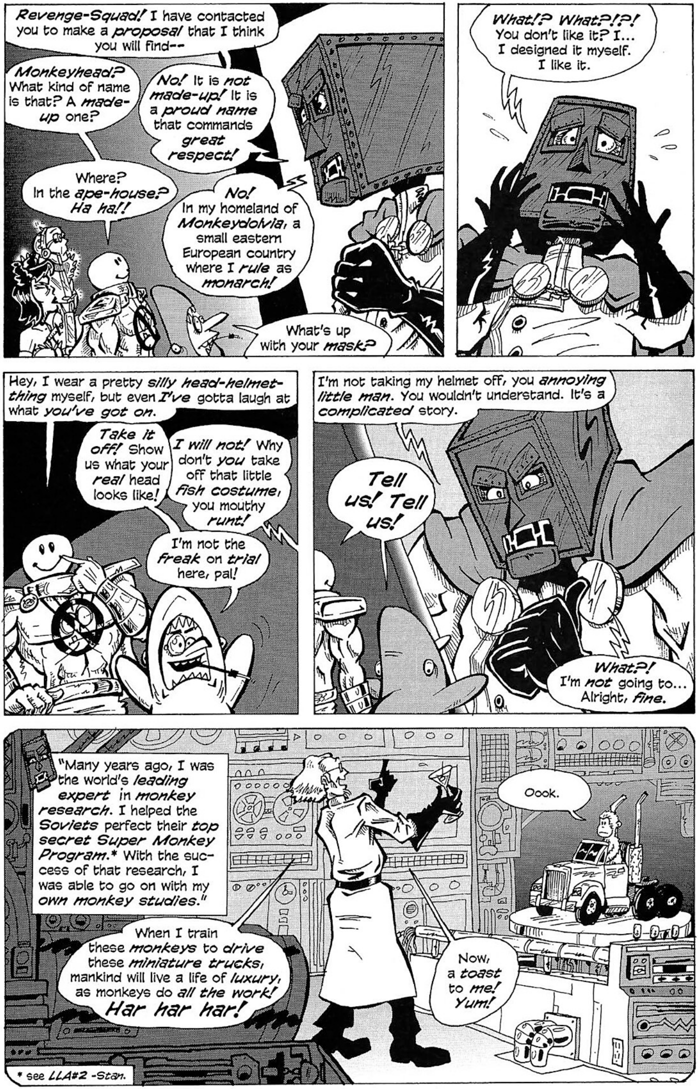

Lethargic-Mission-Control to Lethargic Lad!
We can't restart countdown until the Martian ship is out of the way. Stand by.
...Umm....
GREG TALKS TO A FROG!
HEY! IS THIS SUPPOSED TO BE YOU IN 'CEREBUS'?
YES.
DID YOU KNOW THIS WAS GOING TO BE IN HERE?
OF COURSE.
WOW. YOU SURE ARE FAT!

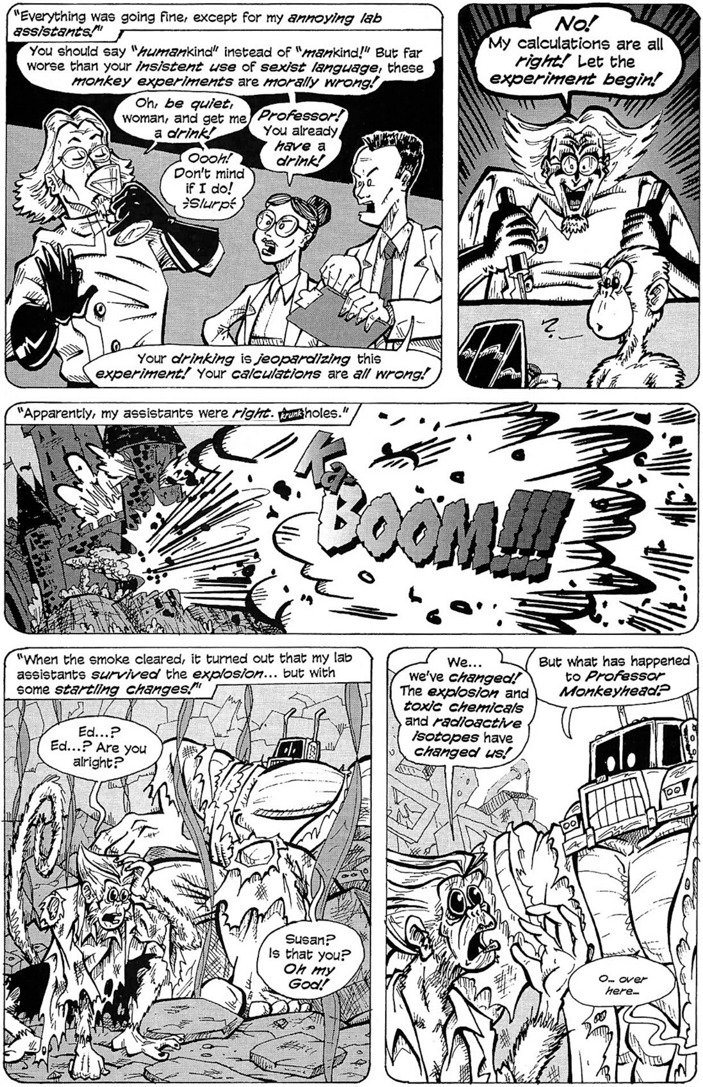

Wow. It's like a *turtle* stuck on its back.
MARS
Give up now, Earthlings! We will *destroy* you all!
Pathetic.
Jeez. Alien invasions are so... so... *last year*. *Asteroids* and *comets* are *in!* I can't wait to start saving the Earth from that asteroid.
I mean, should we even be taking this "*Martian threat*" seriously?
Yes.
Die, Earth scum, die!
Huh?
So speaks the
MARTIAN MAN!
STOP
The newest member of *The Beef League International!*

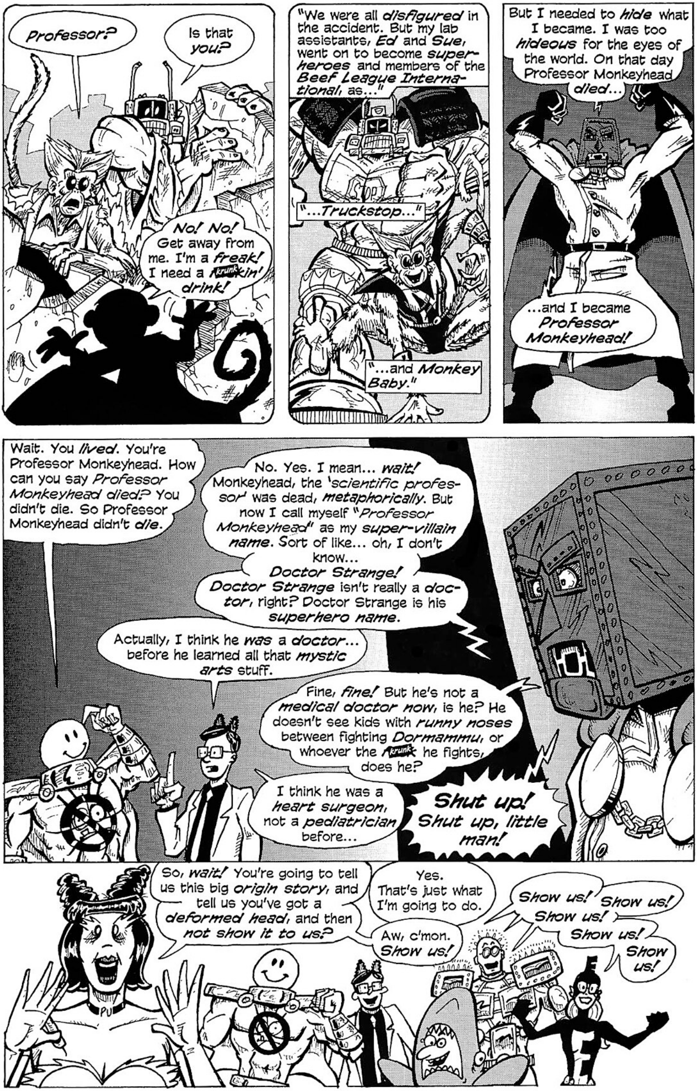

Hey! Aren't you the Martian that nearly *killed Lethargic Lad?**
Yes... but...
*see *LLA#2* -Stan
"...after I was *abandoned* by my Martian crew, I *fled*... and ran all the way to your planet's *polar region*, where..."
Cold!
"...I fell through the *ice*."
KRAKKK!!
SPLOOSH!
"I would have *died*, if not for the *Beef League*, who were patrolling the north in a *Beef-Sub*."
I've got him!
That *green costume* and *antennae*... It's the *Martian leader* that tried to *kill Lethargic Lad!**
Rubber Maid is *right!*
*still in *LLA#2* -Stan
But by showing me *compassion*, I learned that the people of Earth are *good*. By accepting me in their ranks, I can now help *protect* the *Earth* as
THE MARTIAN MAN!

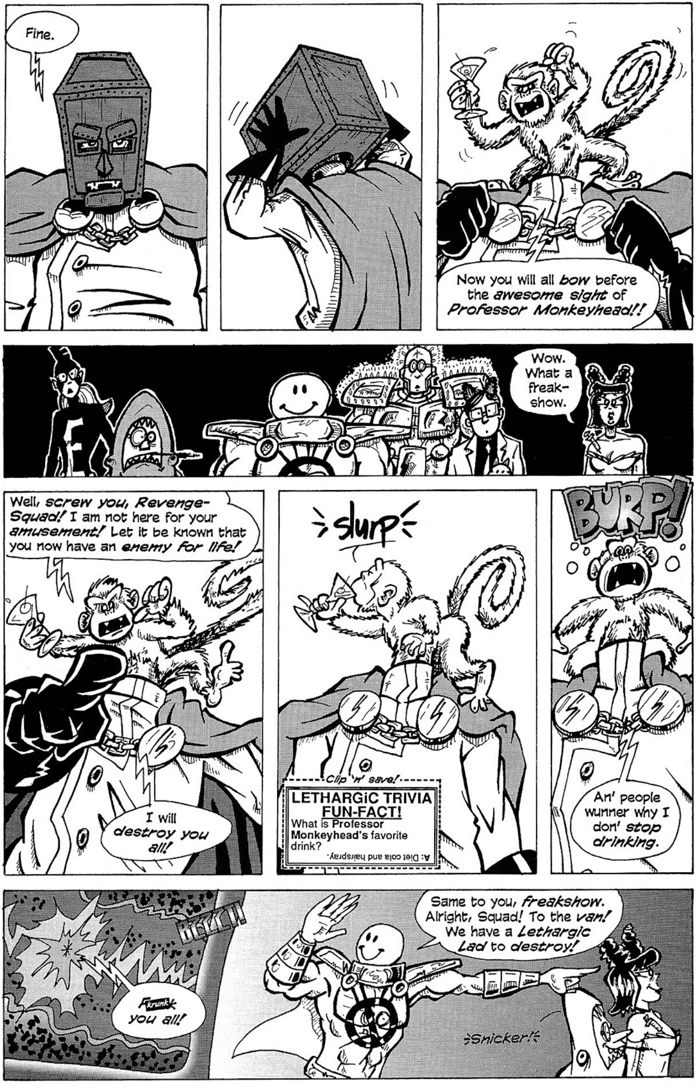

So, you'd be an *expert* on Martians, then?
Yes.
Well, what can we do about *moving* that Martian-U.F.O.-flying-saucer-thing?
I... I don't know.
You're not much help.
No, I suppose I'm not this time.
*M*eanwhile, at the swampy headquarters of the *Part-Time-Lethargic-Lad-Revenge-Squad...*
Okay, everyone, I've *rented* a *van*, so the time to *attack Lethargic Lad* is *now!*
rentavan
Let's go!
Wait a minute. Is that a *new costume?*
Sort of.
You put a *crossed-out Lethargic Lad head* on your chest.
Yes.
Why?
Well, when Lethargic Lad *sees* me wearing this, he'll be *totally demoralized!*
Really?
Yes! Psychological warfare, Uma, is the *supervillain's best friend!* Don't you think it will work?
Umm... Not really.

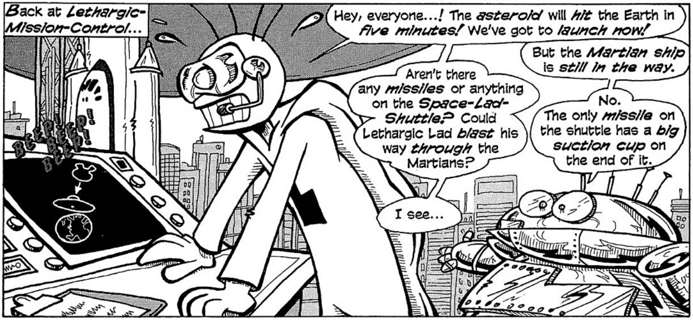

What? Why? I was hoping the whole Revenge-Squad would wear costumes like this. Y'know, kind of a team uniform.
What's that noise?
Somebody's calling us.
ring! ring! ring!
The viewscreen is ringing!
»Pffft!« Don't hold your breath.
Giggles!
Yes, sir?!
The viewscreen... it wasn't designed to take calls, was it?
No, sir.
GIGGLES
Well, what should we do?
Why don't we just friggin' answer it?
New costume for you, too?
Yep! It's like Lethargic Lad's costume, but with a skull over the 'L!' Spooky, huh?
Fine! I'll answer it! But it had better be important, because we have a Lethargic Lad to crush!
Yeah, whatever.
Hello?!? Hello?!? Who's there on my viewscreen? Hello!?
Greetings, Revenge-Squad! Allow me to introduce myself...
I am Victor Von Monkeyhead. But you may simply call me PROFESSOR MONKEYHEAD!!!

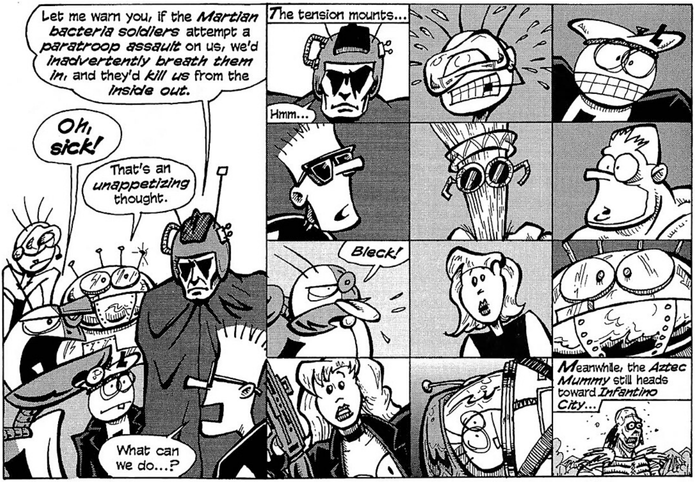

Revenge-Squad! I have contacted you to make a *proposal* that I think you will find--
Monkeyhead? What kind of name is that? A *made-up* one?
No! It is *not made-up!* It is a *proud name* that commands *great respect!*
Where? In the *ape-house?* *Ha ha!!*
No! In my homeland of *Monkeydolvia*, a small eastern European country where I *rule* as *monarch!*
What's up with your *mask?*
What!? What?!?! You don't like it? I... I designed it myself. I like it.
Hey, I wear a pretty *silly head-helmet-thing* myself, but even *I've* gotta laugh at what *you've got on*.
Take it off! Show us what your *real* head looks like!
I will not! Why don't *you* take off that little *fish costume*, you mouthy *runt!*
I'm not the *freak* on *trial* here, pal!
I'm not taking my helmet off, you *annoying little man*. You wouldn't understand. It's a *complicated* story.
Tell us! Tell us!
What?! I'm *not* going to... Alright, *fine*.
"Many years ago, I was the world's *leading expert* in *monkey research*. I helped the *Soviets* perfect their *top secret Super Monkey Program*.* With the success of that research, I was able to go on with my *own monkey studies*."
Oook.
When I train these *monkeys* to *drive* these *miniature trucks*, mankind will live a life of *luxury*, as monkeys do *all the work!* *Har har har!*
Now, a *toast* to *me!* *Yum!*
* see *LLA#2* -*Stan*.

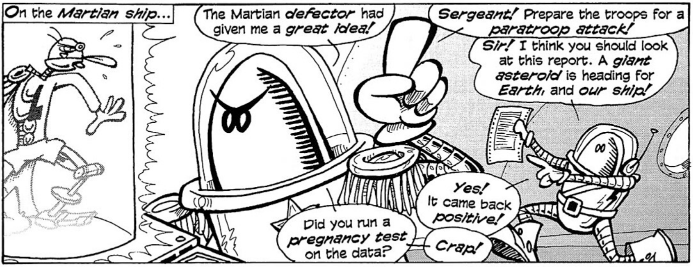

"Everything was going fine, except for my *annoying lab assistants!*"
You should say "*human*kind" instead of "*man*kind!" But far worse than your *insistent use* of *sexist language*, these *monkey experiments* are *morally wrong!*
Oh, *be quiet*, woman, and get me a *drink!*
Professor! You already *have* a *drink!*
Oooh! Don't mind if I do! *Slurp*
Your *drinking* is *jeopardizing* this *experiment!* Your *calculations* are *all wrong!*
No! My calculations are all *right!* Let the *experiment begin!*
?
"Apparently, my assistants were *right.* krunkholes."
Ka-BOOM!!!
"When the smoke cleared, it turned out that my lab assistants *survived* the *explosion*... but with some *startling changes!*"
Ed...? Ed...? Are you alright?
Susan? Is that you? *Oh my God!*
We... we've *changed!* The *explosion* and *toxic chemicals* and *radioactive isotopes* have *changed us!*
But what has happened to *Professor Monkeyhead?*
O... over here...

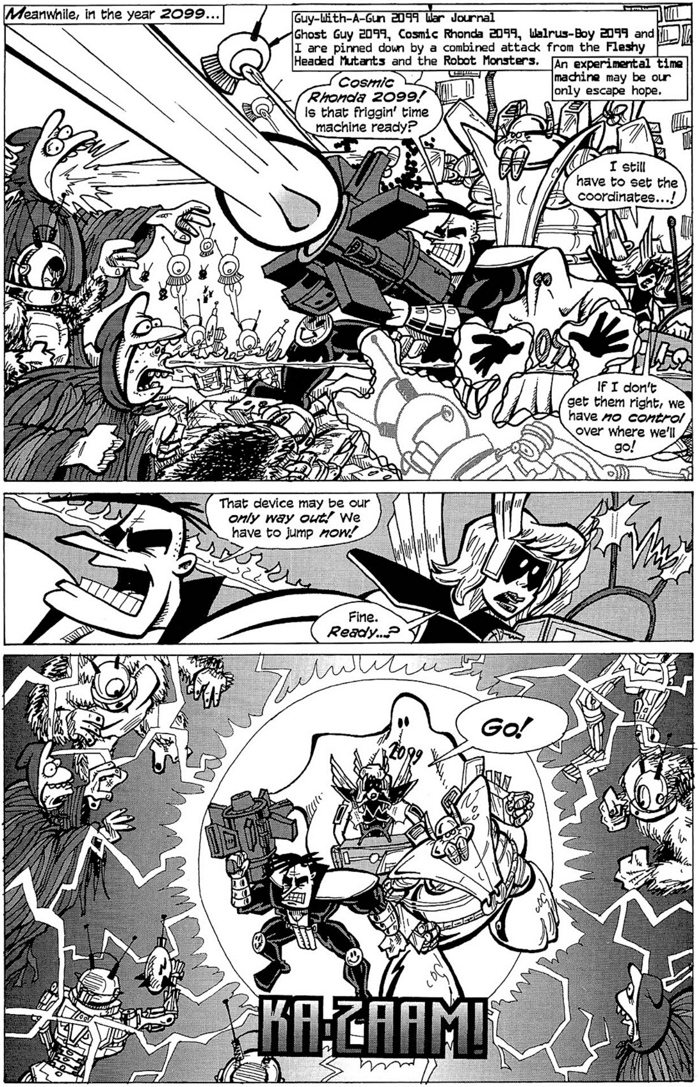

Professor?
Is that you?
No! No! Get away from me. I'm a freak! I need a krunkkin' drink!
"We were all disfigured in the accident. But my lab assistants, Ed and Sue, went on to become superheroes and members of the Beef League International, as..."
"...Truckstop..."
"...and Monkey Baby."
STOP
But I needed to hide what I became. I was too hideous for the eyes of the world. On that day Professor Monkeyhead died...
...and I became Professor Monkeyhead!
Wait. You lived. You're Professor Monkeyhead. How can you say Professor Monkeyhead died? You didn't die. So Professor Monkeyhead didn't die.
No. Yes. I mean... wait! Monkeyhead, the 'scientific professor' was dead, metaphorically. But now I call myself "Professor Monkeyhead" as my super-villain name. Sort of like... oh, I don't know...
Doctor Strange! Doctor Strange isn't really a doctor, right? Doctor Strange is his superhero name.
Actually, I think he was a doctor... before he learned all that mystic arts stuff.
Fine, fine! But he's not a medical doctor now, is he? He doesn't see kids with runny noses between fighting Dormammu, or whoever the krunk he fights, does he?
I think he was a heart surgeon, not a pediatrician before...
Shut up! Shut up, little man!
So, wait! You're going to tell us this big origin story, and tell us you've got a deformed head, and then not show it to us?
Yes. That's just what I'm going to do.
Aw, c'mon. Show us!
Show us! Show us! Show us! Show us! Show us!
PU
F

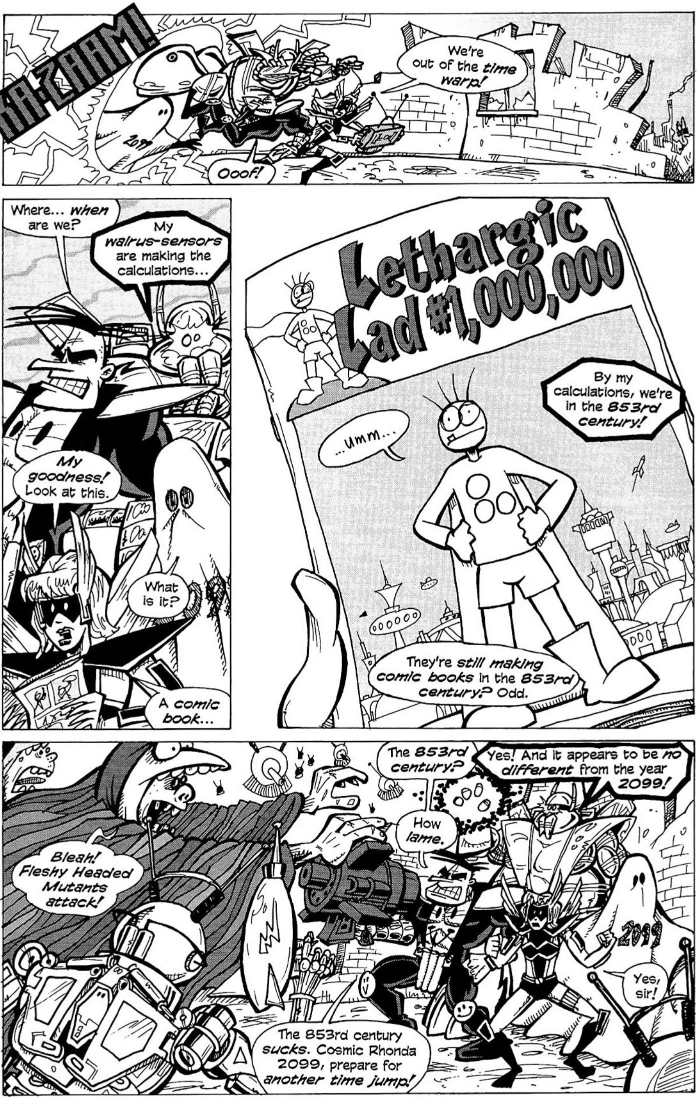

Fine.
Now you will all *bow* before the *awesome sight* of *Professor Monkeyhead!!*
Wow. What a freak-show.
Well, *screw you, Revenge-Squad!* I am not here for your *amusement!* Let it be known that you now have an *enemy for life!*
I will *destroy you all!*
slurp
Clip 'n' save!
LETHARGiC TRIVIA FUN-FACT!
What is Professor Monkeyhead's favorite drink?
A: Diet cola and hairspray.
BURP!
An' people wunner why I don' *stop drinking*.
BLECH!
Fkrunk you all!
Same to you, *freakshow*. Alright, Squad! To the *van!* We have a *Lethargic Lad* to *destroy!*
Snicker!

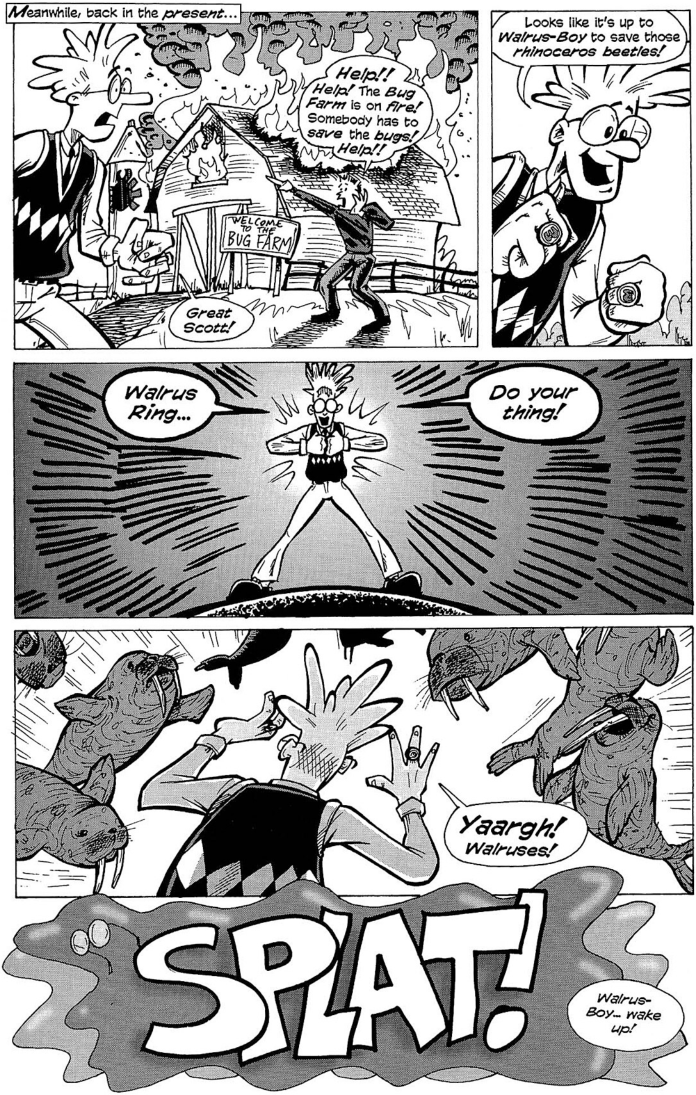

Back at Lethargic-Mission-Control...
Hey, everyone...! The asteroid will hit the Earth in five minutes! We've got to launch now!
But the Martian ship is still in the way.
Aren't there any missiles or anything on the Space-Lad-Shuttle? Could Lethargic Lad blast his way through the Martians?
No. The only missile on the shuttle has a big suction cup on the end of it.
I see...
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

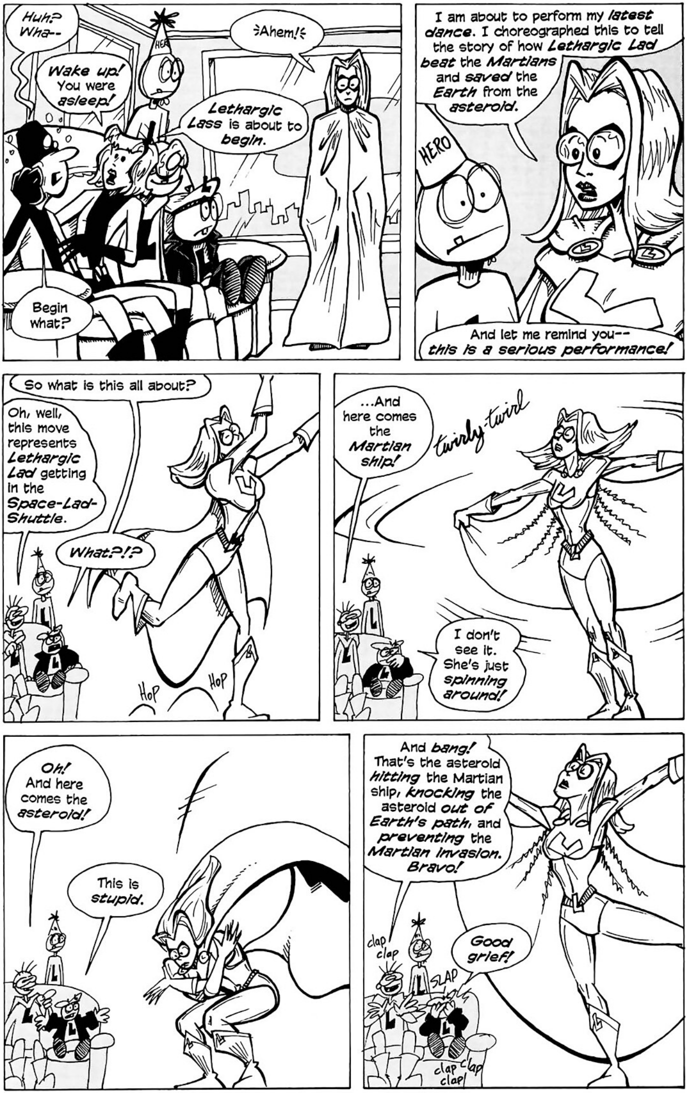

Let me warn you, if the Martian bacteria soldiers attempt a paratroop assault on us, we'd inadvertently breath them in, and they'd kill us from the inside out.
Oh, sick!
That's an unappetizing thought.
What can we do...?
The tension mounts...
Hmm...
Bleck!
Meanwhile, the Aztec Mummy still heads toward Infantino City...

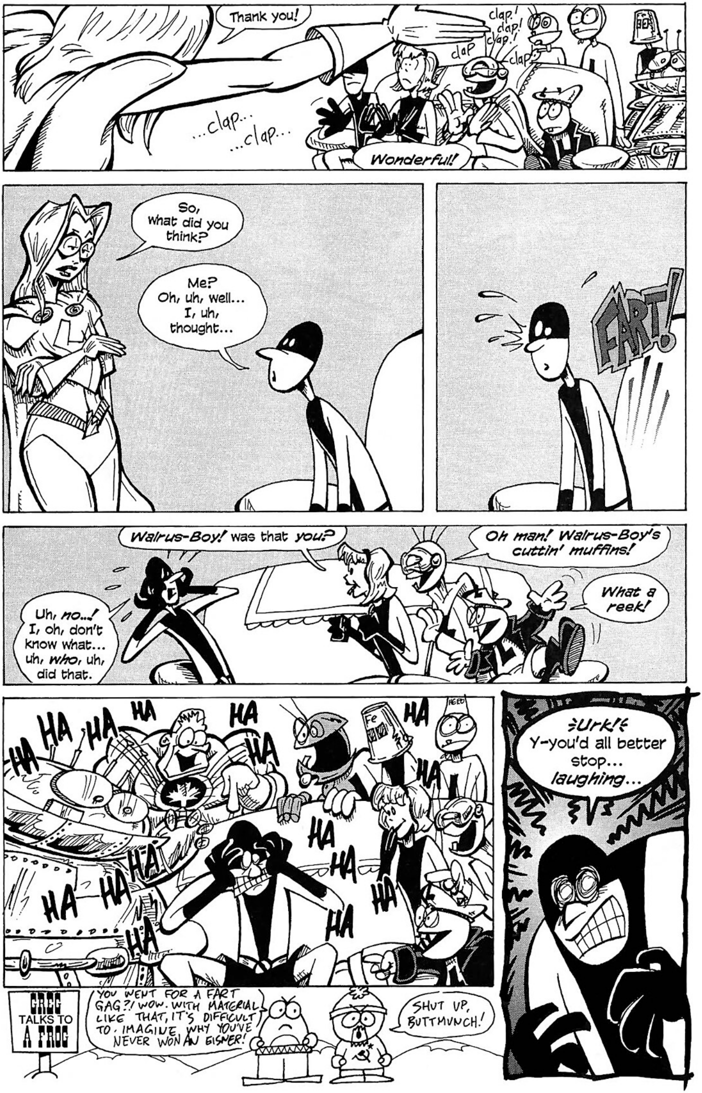

On the Martian ship...
The Martian defector had given me a great idea!
Sergeant! Prepare the troops for a paratroop attack!
Sir! I think you should look at this report. A giant asteroid is heading for Earth, and our ship!
Did you run a pregnancy test on the data?
Yes! It came back positive!
Crap!

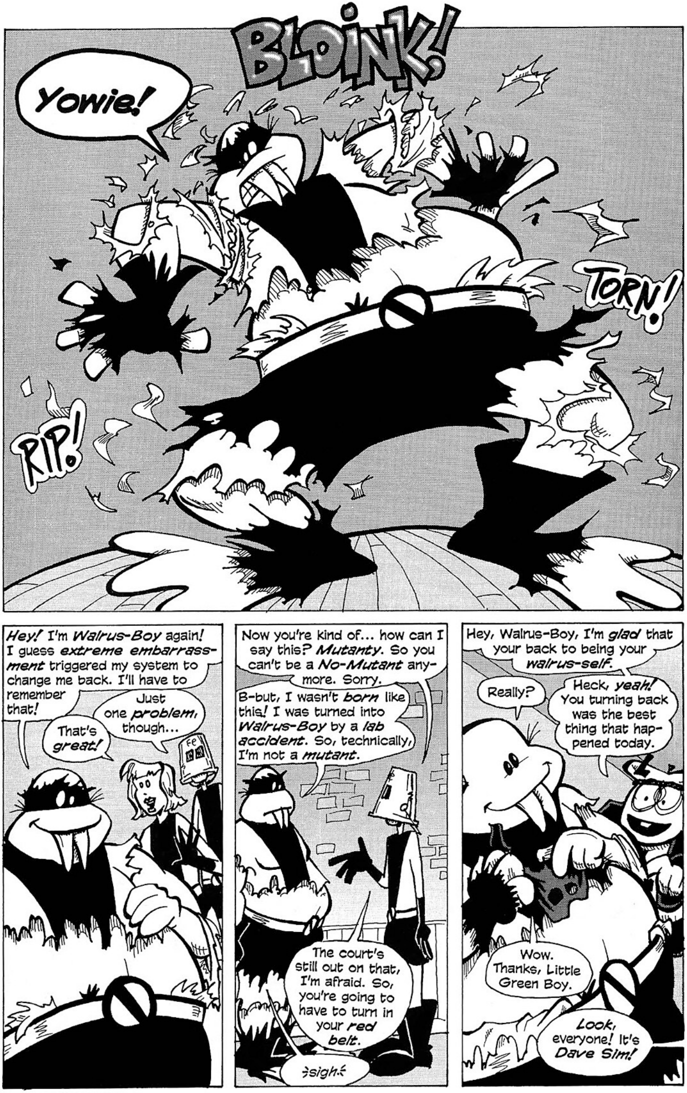

Meanwhile, in the year 2099...
Guy-With-A-Gun 2099 War Journal
Ghost Guy 2099, Cosmic Rhonda 2099, Walrus-Boy 2099 and I are pinned down by a combined attack from the Fleshy Headed Mutants and the Robot Monsters.
An experimental time machine may be our only escape hope.
Cosmic Rhonda 2099! Is that friggin' time machine ready?
I still have to set the coordinates...!
2099
If I don't get them right, we have no control over where we'll go!
That device may be our only way out! We have to jump now!
Fine. Ready...?
Go!
2099
KA-ZAAM!

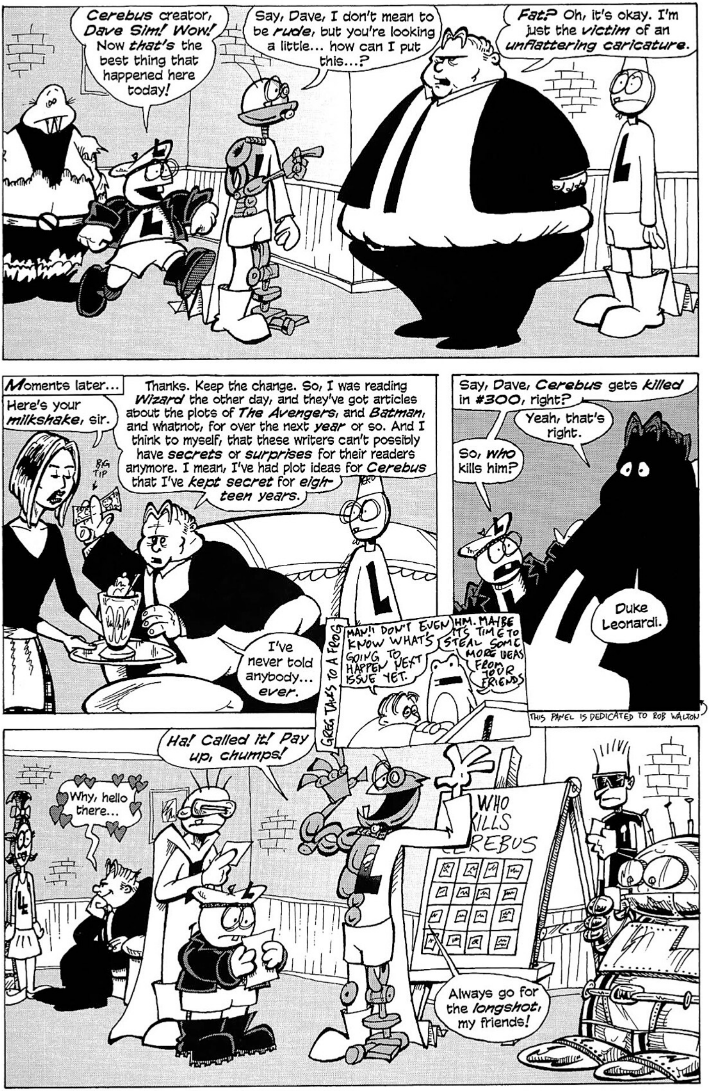

KA-ZAAM!
We're out of the *time warp!*
2099
Ooof!
Where... *when* are we?
My *walrus-sensors* are making the calculations...
My goodness! Look at this.
What is it?
A *comic book...*
Lethargic Lad #1,000,000
By my calculations, we're in the *853rd century!*
...umm...
They're *still making comic books* in the *853rd century?* Odd.
Bleah! Fleshy Headed Mutants attack!
The *853rd century?*
Yes! And it appears to be *no different* from the year *2099!*
How *lame.*
2099
Yes, sir!
The 853rd century *sucks.* Cosmic Rhonda 2099, prepare for *another time jump!*

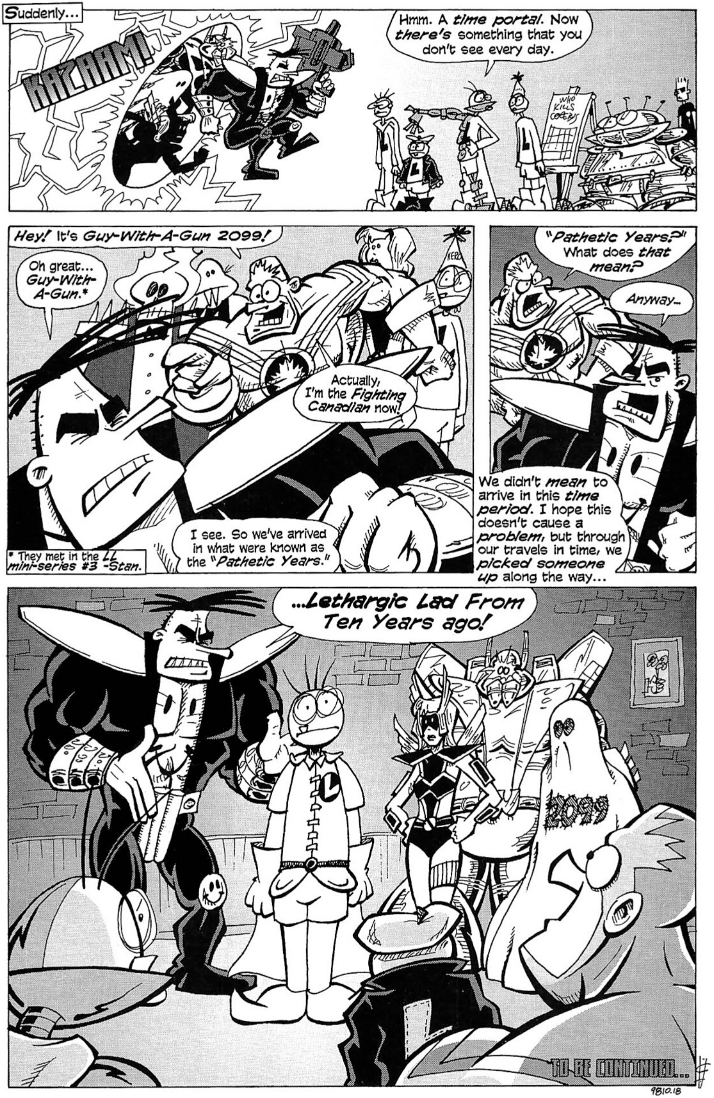

Meanwhile, back in the present...
Help!! Help! The Bug Farm is on fire! Somebody has to save the bugs! Help!!
WELCOME TO THE BUG FARM
Great Scott!
Looks like it's up to Walrus-Boy to save those rhinoceros beetles!
Walrus Ring...
Do your thing!
Yaargh! Walruses!
SPLAT!
Walrus-Boy... wake up!


Huh? Wha--
Wake up! You were asleep!
HERO
Ahem!
Lethargic Lass is about to begin.
Begin what?
I am about to perform my latest dance. I choreographed this to tell the story of how Lethargic Lad beat the Martians and saved the Earth from the asteroid.
HERO
And let me remind you-- this is a serious performance!
So what is this all about?
Oh, well, this move represents Lethargic Lad getting in the Space-Lad-Shuttle.
What?!?
HoP
HoP
...And here comes the Martian ship!
twirly-twirl
I don't see it. She's just spinning around!
Oh! And here comes the asteroid!
This is stupid.
And bang! That's the asteroid hitting the Martian ship, knocking the asteroid out of Earth's path, and preventing the Martian invasion. Bravo!
clap clap
SLAP
Good grief!
clap clap clap


Thank you!
clap! clap! clap! clap clap
...clap... ...clap...
Wonderful!
So, what did you think?
Me? Oh, uh, well... I, uh, thought...
FART!
Walrus-Boy! was that you?
Oh man! Walrus-Boy's cuttin' muffins!
What a reek!
Uh, no...! I, oh, don't know what... uh, who, uh, did that.
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
Fe
Urk! Y-you'd all better stop... laughing...
GREG TALKS TO A FROG
YOU WENT FOR A FART GAG?! WOW. WITH MATERIAL LIKE THAT, IT'S DIFFICULT TO IMAGINE WHY YOU'VE NEVER WON AN EISNER!
SHUT UP, BUTTMUNCH!


BLOINK!
Yowie!
TORN!
RIP!
Hey! I'm Walrus-Boy again! I guess extreme embarrassment triggered my system to change me back. I'll have to remember that!
That's great!
Just one problem, though...
Fe
Now you're kind of... how can I say this? Mutanty. So you can't be a No-Mutant anymore. Sorry.
B-but, I wasn't born like this! I was turned into Walrus-Boy by a lab accident. So, technically, I'm not a mutant.
The court's still out on that, I'm afraid. So, you're going to have to turn in your red belt.
≯sigh.≮
Hey, Walrus-Boy, I'm glad that your back to being your walrus-self.
Really?
Heck, yeah! You turning back was the best thing that happened today.
Wow. Thanks, Little Green Boy.
Look, everyone! It's Dave Sim!


Cerebus creator, Dave Sim! Wow! Now that's the best thing that happened here today!
Say, Dave, I don't mean to be rude, but you're looking a little... how can I put this...?
Fat? Oh, it's okay. I'm just the victim of an unflattering caricature.
Moments later...
Here's your milkshake, sir.
BIG TIP
Thanks. Keep the change. So, I was reading Wizard the other day, and they've got articles about the plots of The Avengers, and Batman, and whatnot, for over the next year or so. And I think to myself, that these writers can't possibly have secrets or surprises for their readers anymore. I mean, I've had plot ideas for Cerebus that I've kept secret for eighteen years.
I've never told anybody... ever.
Say, Dave, Cerebus gets killed in #300, right?
Yeah, that's right.
So, who kills him?
Duke Leonardi.
GREG TALKS TO A FROG
MAN! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT ISSUE YET.
HM. MAYBE IT'S TIME TO STEAL SOME MORE IDEAS FROM YOUR FRIENDS
THIS PANEL IS DEDICATED TO ROB WALTON
Why, hello there...
Ha! Called it! Pay up, chumps!
WHO KILLS CEREBUS
Always go for the longshot, my friends!


Suddenly...
KAZAAM!
Hmm. A *time portal*. Now *there's* something that you don't see every day.
WHO KILLS COREBYS
Hey! It's Guy-With-A-Gun 2099!
Oh great... Guy-With-A-Gun.*
HERO
Actually, I'm the *Fighting Canadian* now!
I see. So we've arrived in what were known as the "*Pathetic Years.*"
* They met in the *LL mini-series #3* -Stan.
"*Pathetic Years?*" What does *that mean?*
Anyway...
We didn't *mean* to arrive in this *time period*. I hope this doesn't cause a *problem*, but through our travels in time, we *picked someone up* along the way...
...Lethargic Lad From Ten Years ago!
2099
TO BE CONTINUED...

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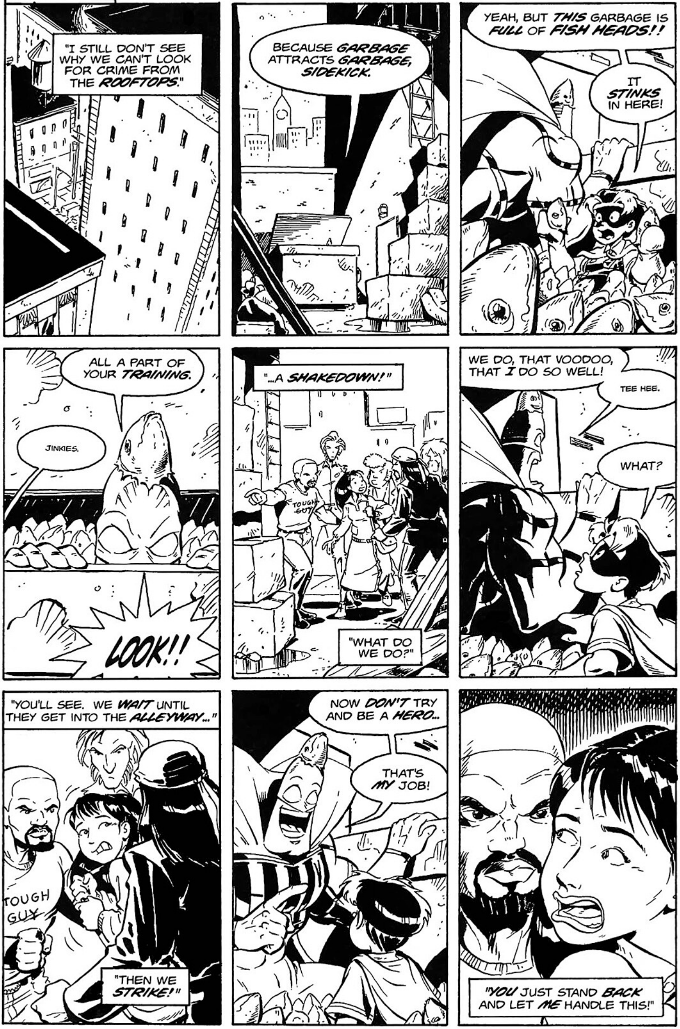
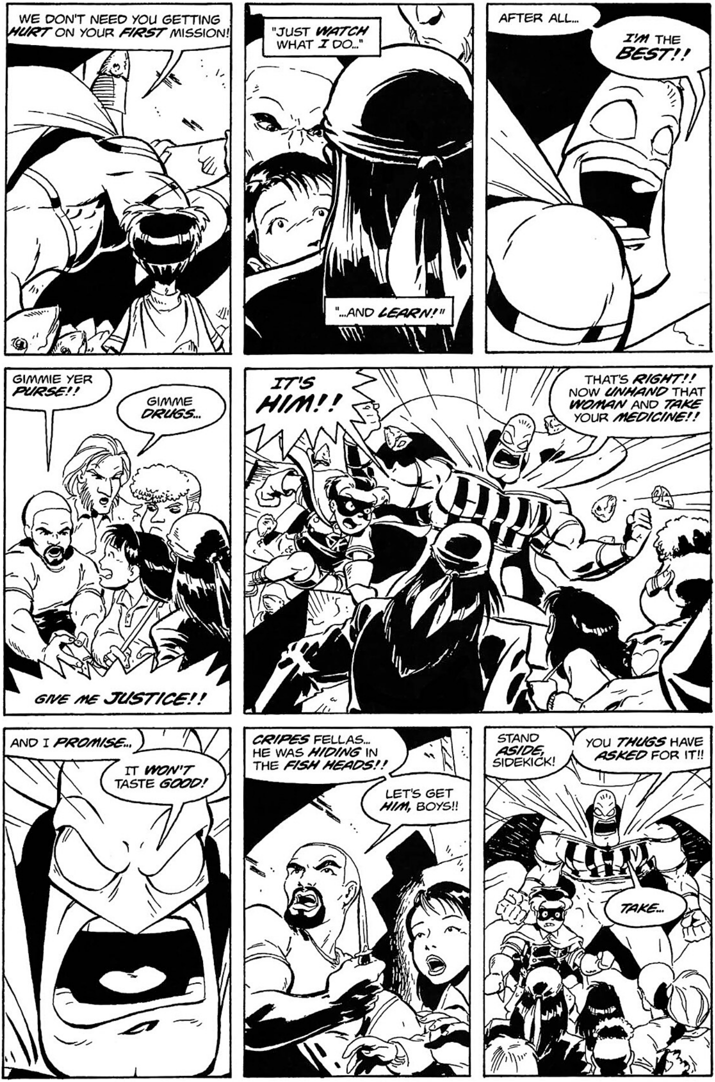
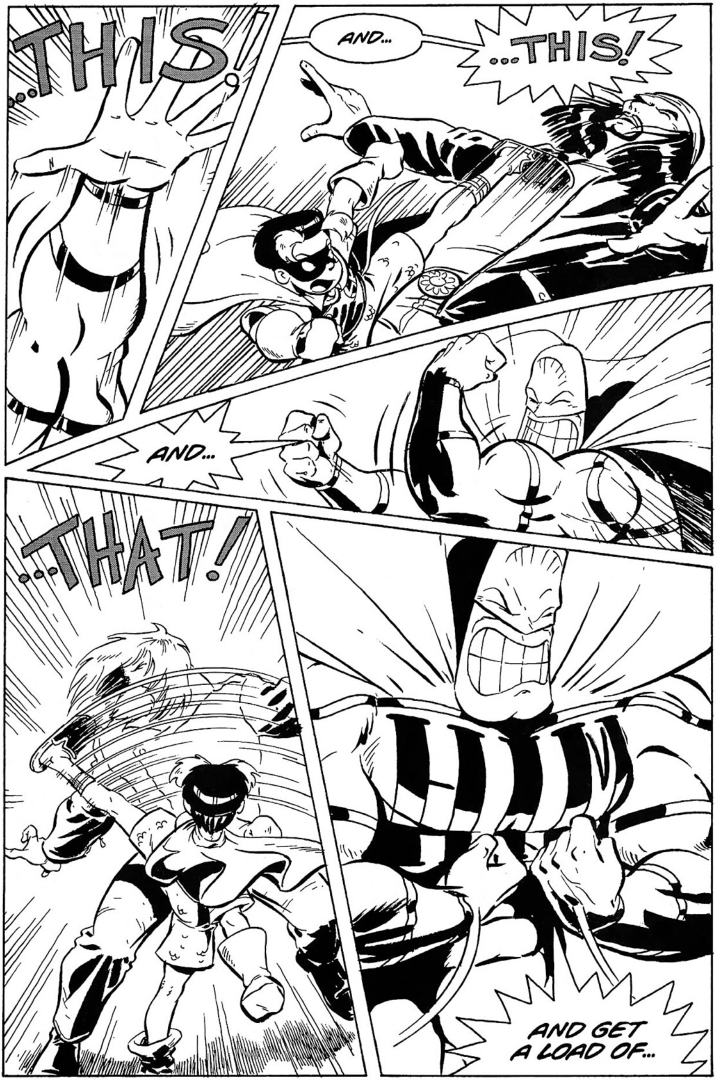
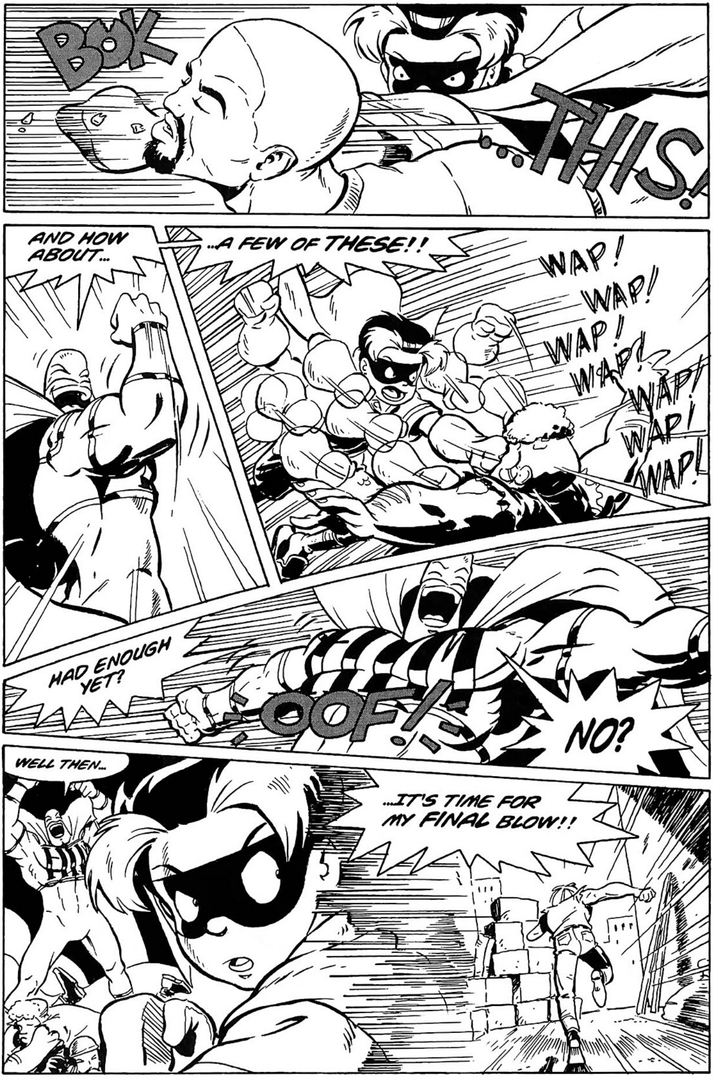
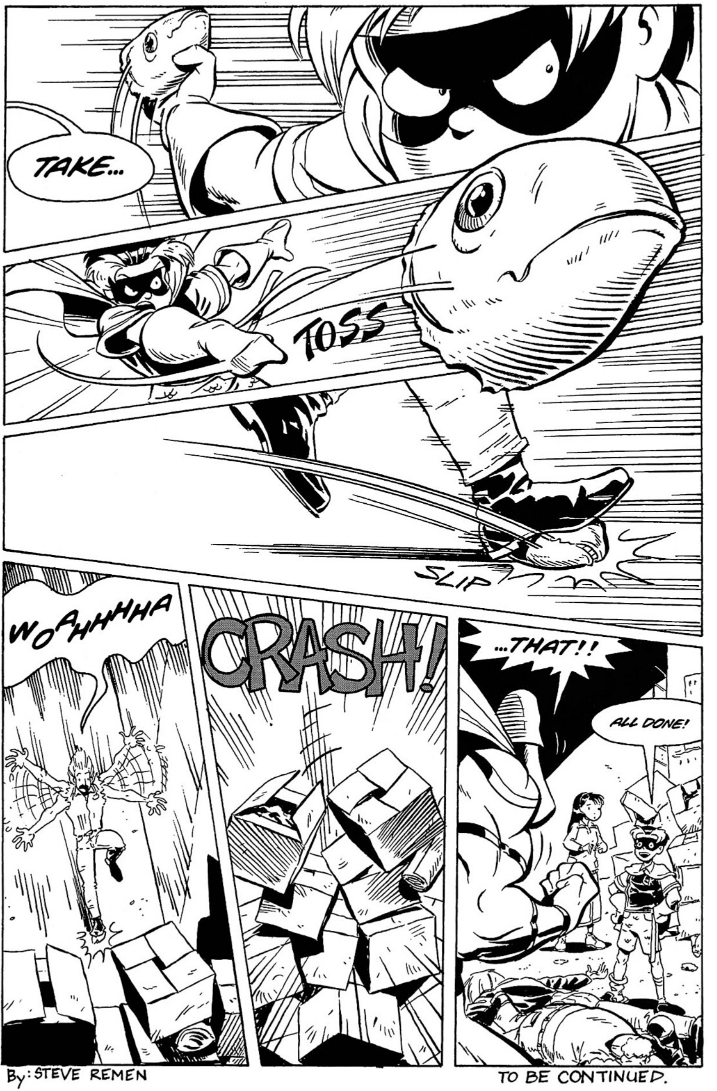

"I STILL DON'T SEE WHY WE CAN'T LOOK FOR CRIME FROM THE *ROOFTOPS*."
BECAUSE *GARBAGE* ATTRACTS *GARBAGE*, *SIDEKICK*.
YEAH, BUT *THIS* GARBAGE IS *FULL* OF *FISH HEADS!!*
IT *STINKS* IN HERE!
ALL A PART OF YOUR *TRAINING*.
JINKIES.
LOOK!!
"...A *SHAKEDOWN!*"
TOUGH GUY
"WHAT DO WE DO?"
WE DO, THAT VOODOO, THAT *I* DO SO WELL!
TEE HEE.
WHAT?
"YOU'LL SEE. WE *WAIT* UNTIL THEY GET INTO THE *ALLEYWAY*..."
TOUGH GUY
"THEN WE *STRIKE!*"
NOW *DON'T* TRY AND BE A *HERO*...
THAT'S *MY* JOB!
"*YOU* JUST STAND *BACK* AND LET *ME* HANDLE THIS!"


WE DON'T NEED YOU GETTING *HURT* ON YOUR *FIRST* MISSION!
"JUST *WATCH* WHAT *I* DO..."
"...AND *LEARN!*"
AFTER ALL...
I'M THE *BEST!!*
GIMMIE YER *PURSE!!*
GIMME *DRUGS...*
GIVE ME *JUSTICE!!*
IT'S HIM!!
THAT'S *RIGHT!!* NOW *UNHAND* THAT *WOMAN* AND *TAKE* YOUR *MEDICINE!!*
AND I *PROMISE...*
IT *WON'T* TASTE *GOOD!*
CRIPES FELLAS... HE WAS *HIDING* IN THE *FISH HEADS!!*
LET'S GET *HIM,* BOYS!!
STAND *ASIDE,* SIDEKICK!
YOU *THUGS* HAVE *ASKED* FOR IT!!
TAKE...


...THIS!
AND...
...THIS!
AND...
...THAT!
AND GET A LOAD OF...


BOK
...THIS!
AND HOW ABOUT...
...A FEW OF THESE!!
WAP!
WAP!
WAP!
WAP!
WAP!
WAP!
WAP!
HAD ENOUGH YET?
OOF!
NO?
WELL THEN...
...IT'S TIME FOR MY FINAL BLOW!!


TAKE...
TOSS
SLIP
WOAHHHHA
CRASH!
...THAT!!
ALL DONE!

By: STEVE REMEN

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Sock It To Shell Head!"

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Greg,

I picked up an issue of **Lethargic Lad** about a year ago, and I instantly fell in love. I've gone back and picked up all the issues I could find. It's a refreshing "parody" comic in that although the parodies can be obvious, there is always some subtle industry humor or commentary involved. Issue six was no exception. As always, it made me laugh out loud more than once (three times, actually).

Maybe I'm reading too much into this, but was the fact the issue began with a dorky water-cooler kind of talk and climaxed with an actual water-cooler challenge intentional? If so... bravo! Very sly! If not... act like that was your intent.

I also liked how you couldn't just parody one sci-fi premise (ARMAGEDDON), NO! You had to go and get ID4 and MARS ATTACKS involved. It's brilliant in its simple fashion. Also, the drawing of L. Lad in the space suit was gold. You should make t-shirts or posters of it.

Oh... I am a geek, so I have some quibbles.

1) Luke's best whiner line was: "What a piece of JUNK!"

2) DS9 is far superior to both TNG and BAB5.

3) The SEINFELD finale wasn't THAT good. I've been watching since it first started, and even some of those slow-paced early episodes were better than what Larry David recycled... I mean... came up with.

Steve Remen continues to entertain with HIM. I think issue 6's installment is one of the best HIM's ever. Both Steve's writing and art are top notch.

I thought Mike White's L'IL LETHARGIC LAD was adorable. It was simplistic and silly.

danno
St Cloud, Minnesota

Dear Talented funny book guy!

I'm liking your latest issue of LL #6. I've actually enjoyed your book for some years now, having re-learned from you what comic books are supposed to be.

Okay, now onto my gripe! I was all into the story and everything, I've dressed up like Mr. Mimico just to read the story (imagine my surprise when he actually appears in the issue!) and I'm all snuggled in for a good long read in my sad life, and I really started to get into that whole plot thingy you got goin' there... then BAM!!!

How could you do it? How could you shake the foundations of my already questionable grasp on reality by destroying my belief in two-dimensional heroics! Everyone knows that Lethargic Lad is an American! What's he doing wearing a freakin' Canadian patch on his flight suit? Americans save the planet, not those weirdo wannabe Canadians! I'm sure this is a result of some childhood trauma, or something, so I'll forgive you... however I must insist on getting a personally re-drawn art page with the correct U.S. o' A. patch in place of that seedy... Maple leaf thing! Canadian! That's downright Un-American!

Your apology is herewith accepted, and I trust you will not only re-draw the offending page, but also, without regard for continuity, remove any reference to that... that... country unless of course it's to be a non-American city getting wasted by big rock things from space.

Joe Reboy
Buffalo, New York

What do you think, sirs?

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Circle the books you want, then rip this form right out of this comic (I *dare* you!) and send check or money order made out to *GREG HYLAND* for the amount listed, plus $1.00, and 25¢ for each additional book to cover postage and handling. Remember to include your name and address, or we won't know where to send your stuff! Canadian residents can pay in those crazy Canadian funds.

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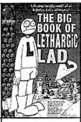

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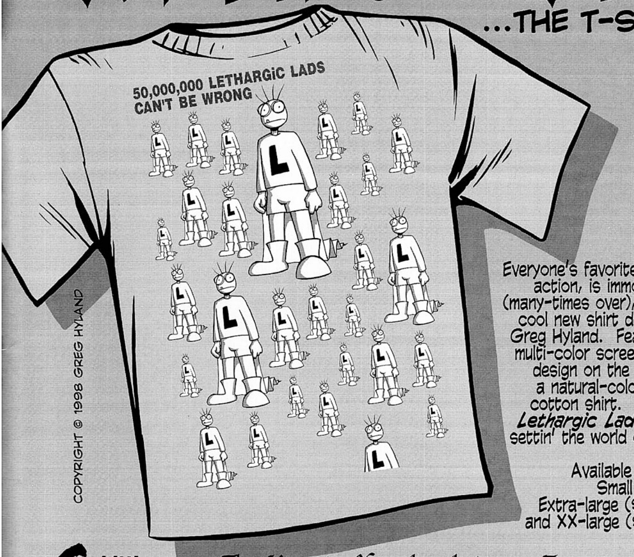
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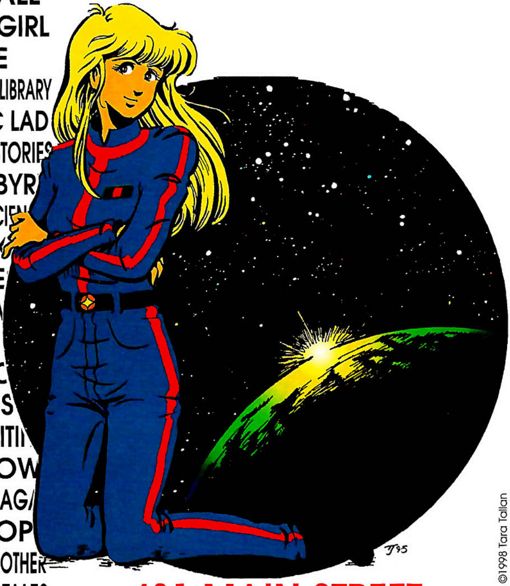

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